

THE THREE ROSES.

Years since, when we were children, my mother took for the summer one of the many charming chalets by Lake Geneva. It peeped from a mass of flowers like a toy-house in the centre of a bouquet. The little chalet in the vicinity seemed built up at random, within a garden. Even the old church, perched high up on the hills, was surrounded with flowering shrubs. It was a kindly neighborhood, and all the residents visited my mother on the spot. Out of their families came forth my three especial playfellows, Rose Sebille, Rose Gramme, and Rose Fonnereau. As I write their names, they steal with my departed youth, like spirits to my side. Soon I hear their gay singing, and the little feet that never walked, except to church, pattering and dancing up the garden ways.

I, Frank, was the only representative of my sex among this merry band, was respected as a great authority and inflexible referee, and had my own way in everything. Our favorite walk was to the cemetery, than which no paler garden was ever richer in sweet flowers. Long before we approached its sacred precincts, the air was laden with their fragrance. There was no thought of death in us in that delightful garden of rest. The roses, which no painter's garden was ever richer in sweet flowers, were to the cemetery, than which no paler garden was ever richer in sweet flowers. Long before we approached its sacred precincts, the air was laden with their fragrance. There was no thought of death in us in that delightful garden of rest. The roses, which no painter's garden was ever richer in sweet flowers, were to the cemetery, than which no paler garden was ever richer in sweet flowers.

Sometimes we would come suddenly upon black prostrate figures, still and quiet, like everything around; and the graves at which we had noticed these mute mourners had an earnest, gloomy time. Our French nurse, however, introduced us to a tomb that had a melancholy charm beyond all others. Until we came, no flower or garland had ever been placed upon it. Only a solitary rose sapling had been planted there, and that had died the year before. There was a name known to the world, and even to us; a date, and deeply cut, in larger letters, the single word "Proserpi."

I remember that we stood weeping by his grave as the nurse, related to us the pathetic story. All that summer we laid fresh garlands on his tomb, and whether he knew it or not, never failed to wave an adieu to him as we left the gates.

The bright summer passed but too quickly away. We were often on the lake, sailing past Chillon, our great delight being to traipse, by friendly signs, with the prisoners therein confined. There was something pleasantly mysterious in their dark figures, half concealed behind the iron bars. Once we had a great alarm. In apparent answer to our amiable demonstrations, a formidable looking instrument was protruded from the barred casement. Were they going to fire upon us? No. Our boatman hastened to assure us it was only a musket, the use of which was permitted by a paternal Government, to pass away the time. But at no time did we ever observe a trait ascending to the northward.

Thus, replete, as I am sure we did, the beauty and grandeur of the scenes surrounding us, though without any artistic appreciation of them, we while away that happy summer until a rain crisis in the winter of the following year, that came from the neighboring hills, reminded us that summer delights were over and autumn begun.

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For ourselves, we were to go to a spot where snow was never seen, and there was sunshine for my mother, and a house-keeper, and a companion for the long winter. We were to go to a spot where snow was never seen, and there was sunshine for my mother, and a house-keeper, and a companion for the long winter. We were to go to a spot where snow was never seen, and there was sunshine for my mother, and a house-keeper, and a companion for the long winter.

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I found my excellent friend fatter than I could have imagined. Friends so often omit to mention the personal changes that take place in them, and people are wrong who are at this time unknown. The hair was curiously streaked with white, as if he had dyed it with an unsteady hand; but there was the same kind beaming face, and the grasp of his hand was cordial, almost to pain. He had long white hair, and his first talk was all of her. Inevitably we glided into other topics—old scenes and adventures—until, at last, I inquired for "the roses."

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he went alone upon a rambling excursion on the Alps. Five years since he took his knapsack and a penknife, and departed on his annual march. His Rose accompanying him some distance from the town, and retracing alone in the distance, she always dreaded those lonely wanderings of his. He had promised to write continually, and requested that his letters should be addressed to a distant village across the mountains, to be opened and explored.

Rose never beheld him more. She knew not if he wandered, lost and starved to death upon the snow, or if his death was quick and unexpected, falling from some terrific peak, or whether he was an avalanche, or worse, murdered by some unknown hand. All that love and sorrow could devise was put in action, and for months the mountain-paths and plateaus were followed and searched, but without success. Once only was he heard of. He had hired a mule to take his baggage, and was to be seen beyond a dangerous and difficult pass—the village to which his letters were to be directed.

Four years later some human remains were found in the caverns or hunters in the neighborhood of the pass, but some distance from the ordinary road, and without a shred or relic of any kind to identify the victim, unless a slight peculiarity in the jaw could be relied upon as proof that it was indeed Rose's husband. He had been injured in his youth by the kick of a horse in the face. At all events, it convinced her, and the remains were laid reverently to rest in the cemetery.

"I am a doctor, and believe it to be him." The guide with whom he ascended that fatal path was suspected and questioned, and though nothing was elicited to incriminate him, he was for a long time under surveillance. He was a little thing in science, watching the fatal progress of the illness. His watchful account was that the traveller had dismissed him when actually within sight of the village to which he was proceeding, and was last seen descending the path leading thither. It was, however, a remarkable fact that his watch-chain, rings, and money, as well as all the more perishable parts of his equipments had disappeared when the remains were found. His father expired on the day following the interment of his son's remains, and the mother is, I fear, dying. As for Rose, she is mistress of the castle and guardian to her boy, beloved by all around her. You shall see her to-day."

After this story, a perfectly true one, we sat for a little time in silence, watching the fatal mountain and the grim old chateau, with its turrets for the moment kissed into silver by the cold bright moon. Then the doctor, who was always oppressed by the reminiscence he had just recounted, rose hurriedly, and with an air of haste, wished me good night and pleasant dreams.

My dreams were not pleasant. They hovered incessantly between a death struggle on the mountains and a white face looking out into the night from the iron bars. Once we had a great alarm. In apparent answer to our amiable demonstrations, a formidable looking instrument was protruded from the barred casement. Were they going to fire upon us? No. Our boatman hastened to assure us it was only a musket, the use of which was permitted by a paternal Government, to pass away the time. But at no time did we ever observe a trait ascending to the northward.

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"Let the doctor go his rounds, and join us at dinner at six. You can drive home by moonlight."

Thus it was settled. The doctor drove his way, and I was conducted to the scene of recent slaughter. Dear Rose! She called me Frank, as she had done twenty years ago, and her pleasure at the meeting was honest and unfeigned. She was in the highest spirits. The children had gone on a visit to a neighbor, to be out of the way in pluck, and had had nothing to divert her attention from the pig and me.

In a large kitchen, seated about a table, were about a dozen girls, while several ladies of ripper years hovered about, brandishing large knives, like scimitars, and the disabled Marie haunted, like an unquiet spirit, the scene of her former exploits.

Rose, as she entered, armed herself hastily, as if the pig were still alive and standing desperately at bay. Thus, that, the pig, for my husband and valued friend, to most of the assembled company, including the pastor's daughter, the prefect's widow, and the syndic's wife.

The schoolgirls were merely neophytes, and had come to be initiated by the pig's priest-esses into the mysteries of this horrible sacrifice. I bowed to the ladies and to circumstances; but there, stark and ghastly, reclined upon the table the miserable pig, and seemed to concentrate all my faculties, by a horrible fascination, upon itself.

I was conscious of a voice remarking complacently that all had been "magnificently arranged," and that now they would begin, in reply to every body's "tres-bien," and so did I. I remember that, though I had to prepare for flight, a small, angry tempered hatched self into my hand.

Seeing that I was suspected, I took a stern resolution, and bracing my nerves up the occasion determined to resist, rather than yield; but the object of ridicule of the impatient assembly.

"Let me begin!" I said, striding forward, and, waving my hatchet in the air, with a wild hurrah, I advanced, and, with a savage blow. A shrill scream arose. I had hit the brute's body, and only cut an ear.

Rose applauded my zeal, but, with some mistrust in my skill, undertook to direct my further operations. The hatchet, and the post of honor had (she said) been unanimously assigned to me, and I must do my best.

I decline to state, minutely, to what that amounted. I believe that, had the pig been alive, and sensible of the playful havoc I was making with his carcass, he could scarcely have suffered more. I cut and slashed, and hacked and hewed, conscious only of the one desire to reduce the brute to the smallest possible dimensions. At length, whether excited by the commendations I received, or in obedience to some strange law of our nature which I have never yet had time to investigate, it certainly came to pass that I began to experience a certain sense of satisfaction in the work. Time, dimmer, everything was forgotten, except only the beautiful proportions of the pig's "own pig" for by this time I had fairly adopted him, and I was the chief centre of an admiring band, executing a *chef d'œuvre* of skill and elegance (cutting off chops, waving my eyes round, and being aware of the figure of the doctor standing at the door, and quivering all over with suppressed laughter. His presence broke the charm. But the work was done. The pig was dismembered from snout to tail. Covered with glory, I returned to my quarters.

Time passed rapidly away, and still the doctor found some new reason to postpone our promised excursion. At length, on a Sunday, after service, he led me through the vineyards, saying this was our opportunity. We took a familiar path, under walnut trees, winding ever up and up till it led us into the heart of the cemetery, and thence to the yard of the old chateau. At length one Sunday, after service, he led me through the vineyards, saying this was our opportunity. We took a familiar path, under walnut trees, winding ever up and up till it led us into the heart of the cemetery, and thence to the yard of the old chateau.

We entered the well-known gates, and gravely, with our eyes fixed on the ground, we passed. But what is this beside it? Another grave, a little one. A little marble cross, a broken Lily, and beneath, "ROSE GRAMME, 21. 5."

"All these changes have come about unobserved by you. I had in my mind a little bright-haired fairy in short frocks and trousers, whose dances would be a treat to you, dancing among the braubles in our haunts of play. And now—Well, well."

We drove through the old scenes—past our chalet, past the gate, and the path where Rose Sebille, who had become a nun, sobbed out her grief, and the rest—past the old planter's avenue, and the little pier on which I had passed many an hour catching the little palegreen spectres of fish, the like of which I have never met with elsewhere. Then on past Chillon, always on the right side the lake, and beyond, the royal Alps of Savoy, crowned with cloud and snow, and smiling or frowning as the sunshine or the shadows fell.

"There is Rose Stammer's mansion," said my companion, pointing to a pretty chalet on the side of a hill. We left the high road and turned into the approach, under the cool shade of an avenue of limes. It really seemed a delicious spot.

There was a large court or farm-yard at the side of the house, in which several dogs were quietly passing and passing. Evidently something of an exciting nature was going forward. We rang a large bell, which gave forth what seemed an unnecessarily vociferous peal, and was responded to by several dogs, that burst forth barking furiously. Then appeared a female form, with bare and reddish arms, a wide, round-shouldered face, fringed all round with little light curls, and a waist of considerable size, girt with a discolored apron, which the wearer sought to keep up, but, failing, traced it up round her tortly torso.

"I am so glad to see you, doctor," she called out, in a voice which, though sweet, was certainly loud. "Marie has cut off the top of her thumb, and I am sure you can sew it on nicely again! How untidy I am!" (This in a serious manner, and with an air not fit to see any body!) We had just killed a pig, and we are going to cut him up! Madame G's young ladies are come to help us with the sausage! I beg your pardon, sir," (to me); "pray walk in."

I saw my friend suppressing his laughter as we went away—stumbling over chairs, benches, etc., that had been brought into the passages from the kitchen, to be out of the way of the porcing establishments, to which, in middle-class society, the most delicate and refined succumb at least once a year.

Presently the suffering Marie, accompanied by the top of her thumb, was conducted into the room. She had endured much pain, and—after the manner of the poorer Swiss, when attacked by malady in any part of their frames—had tied a handkerchief over her head!

AUCTION SALES.

JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, Trustee in a certain indenture of mortgage of the property hereinafter described, executed by the Tyronne and Clearfield Railroad Company to the North American Transit Insurance Company, in and to the effect following, to wit: That the said mortgage is dated the 15th day of May, A. D. 1885, and recorded in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Blair, in the city of Harrisburg, in the volume of said books, pages 43-45-7-8, and in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Centre, in the city of Harrisburg, in the volume of said books, page 17, etc. do hereby give notice that default having been made in more than ninety days in the payment of the interest due on the said mortgage, I, the undersigned, in pursuance of the written request to me directed to the effect that I should sell the premises, and in pursuance of the power conferred upon me in that respect by the said mortgage, do hereby give notice that I will, on the 15th day of August, 1886, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in and for the county of Blair, in the city of Harrisburg, in the volume of said books, pages 43-45-7-8, and in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Centre, in the city of Harrisburg, in the volume of said books, page 17, etc. do hereby give notice that I will, on the 15th day of August, 1886, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in and for the county of Blair, in the city of Harrisburg, in the volume of said books, pages 43-45-7-8, and in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Centre, in the city of Harrisburg, in the volume of said books, page 17, etc. do hereby give notice that I will, on the 15th day of August, 1886, at 10 o'clock, A. 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